

SORIN CERIN



The Illusion of Death

Philosophical poems

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2017

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**Critical appreciations about the
poetry of meditation**

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin,

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undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

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It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

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On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

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Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely

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is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

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And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

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What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

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Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

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Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and

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more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

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But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of

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ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

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Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin, update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man

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the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

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PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through

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adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the

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Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title

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of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

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PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

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PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more

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disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. The Sense of the Death

How alone would have been God,
when he discovered,
his inability to cross the Death,
those who do no longer speak,
in the glory and Happiness,
of an Eternity,
of the Absurd?

And no oblivion,
no matter how great it would be,
she will not be able to open anymore,
the locks of the Eyes petrified
in the Sense of the Death,
in which we drowned,
the Destiny,
deciphering him beyond Death,
the Forgiveness,
lost on the arms of the Horizon,
at the soles of which,
we have lost us the Salvation,
of to be ever,
Life.

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Only in the Illusion of Death everything that exists will die,
and in the Illusion of Life,
will live even in the Last Life.

The only difference of the Illusion of Death compared to
Illusion of Life,
consists in the way how we administer,
the Love and Suffering,
if we consider Death as a salvation,
or as a challenge,
which will throw us,
from the crazy ocean of the Society of consumed, Lives,
on the shore where the waves of the Memories,
will wash the feet of the Past,
dying,
for to become again,
Future of the Illusion of Death ,
or we will remain anchored,
to the frivolous reality of the meat,
which will rot us the Moments,
through which we are forced to pass,
ignoring them the Eternity,
with the blindness and madness,
to the one who believes in the Illusion of Last Life?

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2. On the seat of handicapped people

Leave me the waves of the Thoughts,
the Heart, of the Misunderstood,
to flood me the Baptism of Creation,
drowned by the Original Sin,
on which the Creator conceived him,
for the rusty zippers of the Words,
which seem to no longer open, ever,
crucified on the seat of handicapped people,
which have priority of parking,
in the Fair of World,
starved,
at the foot of disoriented Moments,
on the quadrants of the Clocks of some decomposed Lives,
which are still sold at reduced price and today,
by the God,
of some Separations and Alienations,
of ourselves.

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3. To give birth to each other

How much shame would have fed,
the Absolute Truth of the Eyes of Despondency,
that he never learned to die,
on the veranda of the Words,
of the Blood,
of the Heart of our Love,
what became so slippery after the rains of the Glances,
that I have fallen beyond the Horizon,
which I prepared it for you at the table of Meeting,
slicing him in thousands of Hopes
hoping that you will delight yourself,
with the Soul of dishes of my Moments
which have fallen,
exhausted,
on the floor,
of the Passions which we breathe,
in the Cemeteries of Dreams,
of our Eyes,
elapsed forever,
in the waves of the Ocean,
of the Helplessness,
of to longer be us ever,
the ones whom, the Eternity has met them,
feeding them with Life,
begging them,
to give birth to each other.

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4. The dogs of the Sex

Do not let me the Sense of the Death,
he to take off my shoes of the Destiny,
polished by a mother of the Debauchery,
whose Traces,
I never understood them,
no matter how they would have become, deeply dug,
in the icons,
of my blood,
whose statue has sculpted it for me,
the River of Eternity,
without knowing,
how much I have suffered,
by the longing of maternal love,
on which the dogs, of the Sex,
they stole it to me,
from the table,
of the Happiness.

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5. The Glances of Memories

I was a rain of Thoughts,
what I fell unconscious,
on the floor of forehead of your Heart,
tired by so many clouds of the Remorses,
on which it carried them in the back bent, of the Time,
the Life,
which has whipped us,
with her Horizons,
mysterious and cold,
lost in the Death,
of the Forgetfulness,
which was not wearing shoes, by Nobody,
between the Sentiments,
with the sharp boots of the Words,
what they can no longer bleed,
then when the Veins of Hopes,
they break
gnawed, by the Roads,
where we met,

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the Destiny,
deceased,
from ourselves,
in the Cemeteries of Thoughts,
whose pits digged by Questions,
have never had,
the required depth,
of to stopper,
the Glances of Memories,
which have united us,
the Existence.

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6. Through Death you can not be alone

Death and Loneliness,
can never flourish,
in the same corolla,
of the Existence,
because through Death you can not be alone,
and through Loneliness,
dead.

Only the Thoughts of the passed steps of the Forgetfulness,
can hinder the heavy wheels of the Debauchery,
by which the Dust,
still its breathes the Past,
of the Present
which modeled it,
in so many Churches,
of well-known and unknown Words,
whose bricks,
are lost with every beat of Moment,
in the Cemeteries emaciated, of the Meanings,
from ourselves.

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7. The perfidious rock of a Moment

Rebellious among Numbers,
I forgot the Nativity Day,
of the World,
which has created to me the Love and Death,
dressed in precise data,
of the Time,
dissatisfied with the pension too low,
on which he receives it from God,
for to find me a Cemetery,
of a Religion of the Suffering,
in my image and likeness,
dugged into, the perfidious rock of a Moment,
in which no one,
never,
did not believe,
ever.

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8. They ceased to flicker

Shards of diamonds,
what they shine on the whirling rivers, of the Destinies,
cut the veins of the Moments,
which commit suicide,
throwing themselves over the shores of some Dreams,
which have never accepted them
the souls of fire,
what they kindled the remorse,
through the traces of the dark candles of the Memories,
which they ceased to flicker,
through cold and wet cemeteries,
of some Tears.

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9. Seems to have not understood her

The ghosts of the humiliated steps of the Smiles,
still breathing bitterly,
through the blackened rains of the mourning Words,
after the Truth that gave its last breath,
in silent and tense arms,
of the Illusions of Death,
so poor,
that they did not have,
not even a last small change of Days,
to pay the gravedigger of the Happiness,
to dig as deep as possible the grave,
of a World,
on which God,
seems to have not understood her,
Never.

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10. Without to longer can be saved

Loneliness becomes a burden,
only when Death,
takes on the bad habit,
of to pretend that she is Life,
at the gates of the cemeteries of Words,
on which we say them, helpless
to the Absurd,
from the Traces on which we burn them,
for to warm us up the Memories,
with the smell of burned flesh,
of some Moments,
which we will never meet them again,
besides some Tears,
where they will drown,
our Dreams,
without to longer can be saved,
ever,
by the ships of the Hopes,
whose ghosts,
are surrounding us,
the Destinies.

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11. With the sweat of the Inferno

The events were woven,
in this way by God,
that can be braided,
in long and resistant ropes,
only good,
for the World which commit suicide,
in every moment,
of the passage of Time,
through front of the house,
with the name of Hospice,
of a Consumption Society,
which wants to hang himself,
by, the broken branch of the Truth,
what he can no longer support,
her airs of virgin,
in the brothel full of customers,
of the Banks that have no understanding
for the bad debtors,
who do not understand that every prostituted Day,
must be paid with the sweat of the Inferno,
from which they take their saps,
the Illusions of Death.

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12. For it to confess to him

Hooves orphans, of Horseshoes,
still run toward nowhere,
in the existential dust,
of end of World,
of a God,
who is not allowed to worship to anyone,
for to be able to exist,
on the realm of the Absolute Truth,
of Illusions of Life,
divorced before being the times,
by the stingy Time,
greedy and perverse,
with the Eternity,
to which he did not want to give it,
not even a fraction of a moment,
for to give birth and she to a World,
on which to hide her,
through the locked drawers of the Love,
from where to it can not be stolen,
by, the Knowledge and Consciousness of an Absurd,
fallen into the arms of Destiny,
for it to confess to him,
about Death.

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13. New lands

The extinguished dawns, of the Glances,
they drown their bitterness, of the Illusions of Death,
in the coals heated by longing,
conceived from the flesh,
what seems lost by Time,
of the Tears,
over which they have passed,
the chariots of fire of the Caravans of Longings,
hoping to find new lands of Happinesses,
on which to plant the Dreams,
the Death.

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14. A new Beginning

The desperate horses of the Commas,
they run madly, trampling the Horizons, into the hoofs of
the Questions,
until they become the dust and powder,
from which we have incarnated us the Dreams,
on which to we can love or hate them,
at the shadow of the churches of Smiles,
which they receive Him, on God,
as a witness of the Illusions of Death,
from which we build us the house and meal, of the Senses,
which we want them beyond Death,
without we understanding,
that the End,
can not always be,
a new Beginning,
of the Vanity,
of, which is hindered,
the preach of a Truth,
which knows how to lie better,
than all the vices and sufferings,
together,
destined by the church,
to the Existence.

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15. Made to tear

I'd like to catch from the flight,
the Words of Love,
without I knowing,
that through their veins, flow
the claws made, to tear,
with their beaks of reddened Iron,
at the Sacred Fire of Creation,
even the last fragments,
of Absolute Truth,
what they longer could live,
through the depths of the Breathing,
of Illusions of Death,
in whose arms was born,
my Future.

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16. The Princess of the Illusions of Death

Moments,
Bricklayers without a trowel,
they still languish,
on the forehead full of sweat,
of the Cemetery of Memories,
placing the bricks full of dampness,
of the Feelings,
building the Tower of the Fate,
of where she to do with the hand, toward me,
the Princess of the Illusions of Death,
kidnapped and sequestered by the Destiny,
then when I go to fight,
with the Absolute Truth,
of the Life,
what will always dwell in me,
in the veins of Vanity,
until I will manage to climb,
step by step,
of the Vanity,
of this Existence,
releasing her on the Princess of the Illusions of Death,
forever,
in the coffin of the last Word,
which I will say him,
to the Hope.

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17. More Moments

And the clouds of the Thoughts began,
to tread us in the rebellious soles of Dreams,
the Happiness
of to learn,
to we die freely.

Beyond Horizons,
the intestines of Destiny,
are woven lazily,
by a disinterested God,
by a Destiny,
which has never succeeded,
to give him more Moments,
than,
the Death
to Existence.

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18. Never Together

Do you know,
how many flowers, of Heaven,
I would have wasted,
just to see your Smile,
sprung,
from the hearts of my ancestors,
who have beaten for the bouquet,
of your Blood,
which tied thee,
all the wishes of Good,
of to be,
in a World,
which none of us,
would not have wanted it,
to be,
Absolute Truth.

And then,
I wished to die next to you,
but,

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you have no longer existed of long ago,
in the Tear,
which I have sent to you,
to look for you,
in the land of my Heart,
which will always beat,
for you,
daughter of a Horizon,
what we will not touch him,
Never,
Together.

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19. Life and Death

Thrust me,
the Tear of your Dreams,
as deep as possible in the Divine Light,
of the Dawns,
through which I looked,
at your Eternity,
of the Separation,
by a Destiny,
who drowned,
biting us with the venom of a God,
dissatisfied,
then when I tread him without permission,
on Thoughts that did not give him peace,
to we remain ever,
Together,
as Life and Death,
over,
the Absolute Truth,
which we did not understand it,
in tight fists,
of the Absurd,
which gave us with generosity,
the Vanity.

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20. Together

How many clouds would have eaten the Horizon,
until gets fattened in so much,
that to it succeed,
breaking, the scales of World,
what we were given,
to we be Together,
for it to consume us,
the whole Heaven of the Happiness,
with its death,
in a night of the Forgetfulness,
in which none of us,
did not know that can die,
so worthy,
that to become,
a Star,
at which to worship the zodiac Signs,
of the Words,
on which God desired them,
then when he spoke for the first time,
Love?

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21. The Charisma of the Incidentally Happenings

Dressed in the Illusion of Death ,
I chose the way of Consciousness,
hoping to I arrive,
to the Divine Light,
of the house of the God who thought me,
as being Words and Dreams,
dusty by the dust of Questions,
whose answers did not exist,
than in Love.

Here is the great Absolute Truth,
of the World,
on which so few understand it,
for to move it away the tormenting sadness,
of its Existence,
disturbingly, of charming,
through the Charisma of the Incidentally Happenings,
on which we can breathe them,
in the strong and clean air,
cold and sincere,
of the Death,
liberating by ourselves.

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22. At the Fairs of the Religions

Waves, of Death ,
wash the hopes of a Life,
which they do not want it,
not even,
the fragments of Moments,
which have burned, smoldering,
at the roots of Hopes,
on which no longer buys them, nor a Horizon,
of the Illusions of Death,
at the Fairs of the Religions,
what hangs, drowned,
at the soles of Time,
on which God,
he did not understand Them,
Never,
then when His churches,
have become the Ruins,
leaked, in the pensively and anxious Blood,
of the Death.

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23. The platforms of the Waiting

The ardent heaven of the Sentiments,
what they burst out of the muddy volcanoes of Words
kisses the cold and hidden soles of the Horizon,
so shy,
that they blush, each time,
when it circling them the Night,
what brings so much passion,
in the wax bodies of the Words,
what have become again candles of Desires,
which they burn us the way of Dreams,
guiding us,
toward new Illusions of Death,
deepened in a dusk,
of the Vanity,
from the blood decomposed and confused,
of the Memory,
in which it still drowns,
a Love,
which will never find another way,
other than,
the Death,
which lies inert,
placed on one of the platforms,
of Waiting,
to which no train of the Happiness will no longer come,
ever.

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24. At heavy and cold gates

How much passion God would have put,
in the hay mowed by the Glances,
of the Questions,
what still awaits the Answers,
which decorates the graves of the Smiles,
through the cemeteries full of longing,
of some Passions,
on which neither a Love,
it could never understand them,
at heavy and cold gates,
of some Words,
drowned in the Feelings what would have wanted to talk,
to the Eternity,
if they were not so blamed,
in the soul of a Time,
whose Moments,
they did not want for anything in the World,
they to become again,
slaves of some Memories,
whose baskets full of lead of the Uselessness,
they could no longer be carried on the back,
of the lost eyes of Vanity.

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25. Agonizing

Why the Time not throws,
the cup of the Destiny,
by, all the walls of Vanity,
of this World,
what they seem invincible?

To break it into an infinite number of shards,
from which to build us,
the staircase on which to we climb,
above our own Death,
on which we will jump her,
until beyond the Eternity,
of the Meaning,
of some Walls,
behind which, are coming to an end,
agonizing,
the Illusions of Life?

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26. The Holy, Mystery of Marriage with Death

The branches of Dreams,
flourish in the Tree of the Wisdom,
without ever understanding,
that the season of the Absolute Truth,
has passed a long time ago,
than all the Times together.

Walls of deceptions,
they swarming above the cuckold heads,
of the Days,
caught in the nets of the Uselessness,
which forces them to bandage,
the soles full of wounds of the Destinies,
whose hooves,
they will become,
their own Moments,
which, they will lead them,
at the altar of the Church of the Illusions of the Death,
where they will receive the Holy, Mystery of Marriage,
with Life.

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27. Broken from the calendars

Stars bent by the zodiac Signs,
which Nobody has no longer understood them,
wander through the garbages of the Forgetfulness ,
faded and broken,
from the calendars of the Longings,
of some Passions,
whose Loves,
they stand silent in the mists of Thoughts,
what they want to give birth to new Words,
on the tables full of frustrations,
of the Time,
which will wipe them with the cloth of the Times,
each Meaning,
until they will disappear,
all the crumbs of a Memory,
what would have succeeded to guard,
the cemetery,
of a Past,
of the Happiness,
what has become now,
of the Nobody.

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28. I will have to go

I was so far away,
by the flame of Existence,
that I had to confront the Eternity,
giving myself to the Moment,
on which I indebted her with a birth
what brought me on this World,
equally naked,
as how deserted will be the Word,
at the whose shores,
I will have to go,
wrapped in the cloak of the Vanity,
on which I will receive in the gift,
of to the dust that I modeled,
through the Meanings of Suffering,
what was given to me,
as the breath of the Illusions of Death,
which they helped me the Way,
toward the Awareness of Death.

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29. On the Podium of Vanity

We were born ,
bricks without Walls,
we were urged
to we build their entire existence,
of Illusions of Life,
which want,
their own house of debauchery,
behind the walls of the Vanity,
which we will never be able to demolish them,
from the tombs,
which we carry them in the back,
calling them Destinies,
and to whom we can not resist,
even if it would be,
to we demolish the entire Cemetery of Consumption
Society,
which nourishes us,
the infatuation,
of to be the firsts,
on the podium,
of the Non-sense, existential.

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30. Death's Food

We were born so perfectly,
that neither the World no longer wants us at the helm of the
Illusions of Death,
knowing that otherwise we will not be able to shipwrecks,
beyond Love,
rusty and full of the dampness of some feelings,
which nor even, to kill us,
do not succeed,
on the beach of an Existence,
on which no step,
do not tread her anymore,
without going further,
in the soul of her sand,
of Eternity,
in which no wing can no longer,
fly on itself,
in the Being from which we have breathed us,
the Soul,
on which neither a Horizon,
does not want him anymore,
at the table of Vanity,
from which it nourishes,
the Death,
our Love.

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31. However much we will drink

Do not tell me,
how many Moments,
have killed us the Eyes,
in whose troubled waves,
we have shipwrecked us,
the Future,
drawn by Life,
with the rusty compass and full of imperfections,
of the Death,
from which we pulled us the sap,
of the Footsteps,
which we will not be able to understand them, never,
at the gates of the Kisses,
colder than the ice,
of the Forgetfulness,
whose cubes,
we will throw them,
in the crystal glass,
of the Wishes,

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which we will never understand them,
however much we will drink them,
each drop,
of Illusion of Death,
from us,
which will snowing us,
finally,
with Oblivion.

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32. Losing us by ourselves

Walls of, Smiles,
they fall over the Ruins of my Destiny,
rusty and emaciated,
by your Soul,
which I clothed him,
once with the mantle of the Illusions of my Life,
on the Heart that beats for me,
the hour of your dreams,
what I did not know that was delaying or hurrying,
when we should
to we avoid the meal of the Death,
to which we were invited by honor,
of the Forgetfulness,
which has kneeled us,
finally,
the Destiny,
losing us forever,
by us ourselves,
at a roulette,
whose gain,
it was, of the Nobody.

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**33. They promised that they would burn us the
Death**

Fires of Memories,
of flames,
they burn us the sheets,
of the Destinies,
on which we wrote us sometime,
the Illusions of Life,
for to throw them,
in the cool air of kisses,
on which we have torn them,
from the sheets of the Horizons,
on which we put us sometime,
the Love,
shameful that is sitting on the wet bench,
of some Feelings,
drowned in the Tears,
which we hid them,
in the arms of the Hearts,
what barely, they could still carry them,
toward an Eternity,
which flowed in the Glances,

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which we have pulled them at the lottery tickets of own
Existences,
what they promised that they would burn us the Death,
forever,
in the incandescent oven of Souls,
what they have warmed us up,
Traces which we would not have forsaken them, Never,
of a Love,
full of wanderings,
which could not be lost,
than in the Blood,
of our own births,
of to be one for the other,
Sense.

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34. The grass of Thoughts

The clouds print their pages of Destinies,
on the Sky so imbued with the Water of Life,
that it gives out,
almost all the rebellious Memories,
in the face of Death.

Only the grass of Thoughts,
seems to grow,
on the fields of the Illusions of Death,
happy that, it will dedicate,
to the rusty and inert scythes,
of the unforgiving Time.

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35. They collapse

The false Gods of Happinesses,
born in the Signs of the Cancer,
of which they became ill,
even the Falling Stars, of the Destinies,
they collapse,
crushed by the earthquakes,
of the own Chisels of Dreams,
which, instead to carve them, new Glances,
they cut them, and the marble of Existence,
through which,
could have died,
prouds and indifferents,
by the Illusions of Death,
which have polished them somewhere-sometime,
the lost Feelings,
of some Loves,
what they still seem to live,
in the inert dust of Forgetfulness.

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36. The hopes of Icons

So cold and wet,
became,
the pedestal of the statue of the Eyes of God from us,
with the frozen tears,
on the chisels of flint of the Hopes,
of some Icons of the Love,
what is no longer shining,
at the touch of granite of some Promises,
no matter how much,
would crush the Unfulfilled Desires,
of the Destiny,
the stones of our souls,
what have arrived to be sold,
as Precious Stones,
in the indifferent showcases of the Glances of Death,
which somebody will buy them,
just to look good,
in the public,
crowded by agglomeration,
of Illusions of Life.

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37. The harbor of the Absolute Truth

The spur, humiliated,
by the tanned leather by pain,
of the Illusions of Death,
which can not be defeated,
even if the sand of the Clepsydras,
burns hot by the Sun of the Vanity,
which boils full of curses and Original Sins,
in the metis Blood of Absurd with Life,
from Steps which we will tread them,
in the creased feet of the Clouds,
so full of Water of Life,
that,
were born the oceans of Tears,
on which to they sail in drift,
the ships of Destinies,
what they will not find the harbor of the Absolute Truth,
never,
how long the World will be,
a humble phantasm of a Time,
what has not learned, neither now,
the mathematics of Existence,
of Death.

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38. The God of Love who met us

Reefs of Dreams,
intertwined the Wool of the Absurd ,
for the worldly clothes,
of the God of Love,
who met us,
at the edge of street of a Destiny,
in whose arms we fell,
hitting us so hard of each other,
that we remained mutilated for life,
by Pain,
to we stay,
together,
by washing the weeping face of Separation,
which do no longer let us to leave,
of her fleshly paradise,
on which neither a Promise,
did no longer move her, from the place,
of the Cemetery of Memories,
on which we breathe him daily,
in which he immortalized his Afterlife,
of, our Happiness,
crushing our souls,
with the Helplessness of to longer be ever,
together.

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39. The Cup of Happiness

Dawn without Days,
Horizons orphan, of sky,
labyrinths of tombs,
of the Dreams,
they encompass us the Illusions of Death,
with the longing enchanted,
of a Love,
on which only Death,
will be able to understand it,
ever,
in the crystal palace of the Afterlife,
where our Hopes will flourish,
to we be together,
alongside the God,
of the fulfillment,
of the Cup of our Happiness.

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40. The burden of death by ourselves

Wandering among the steps of heaven,
of your Glances,
I drowned with the Horizon,
willing to feed my Illusions of Death,
which does no longer leave me,
I to breathe your Heart so beaten,
by the roads that have separated us the Eternity,
that we remained and now,
in the same Moment,
on which, neither an Icon,
hanging by our own Destinies,
has not succeeded to break it,
however much I asked her,
to free us from the burden,
of the Death, by ourselves.

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41. The Kisses orphan

And it was so much Winter,
closed in the Moment of our Immortality,
that they froze us,
even the Teeth of the Hearts,
with which we bite,
without giving the way,
to the breasts full of Promises,
from the Clouds of our great Loves,
thirsty, by the Eternity,
what died,
finished by the milk of the Absolute Truth,
erased by the Rains of some Hopes,
which has dried up completely,
in Death from us,
flooding us with her airs,
of Retrieval, of the End,
what still swim,
through our Kisses,
orphans,
by the Horizons of the enchanted Eyes,

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what they seem to have forsaken us,
forever,
hit by the fences of Happiness,
which they have not succeeded,
to pass them,
in the Blood of Destinies,
which have dressed us,
everything we could be the Love,
of the Regrets,
which we would not have wanted her,
Never,
at the graves of the Memories,
which I forsaken them, anyway,
in the Cemeteries of the addresses that I forgot them,
because there,
of long ago than the ancient Times,
no longer dwells,
Nobody.

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42. Lack of Truth

The steps of the frozen tears,
on the stands of the Time,
trample the Moments of the Future,
in the feet unwashed by Lies,
of some Loves,
on which neither an Eternity,
does not seem to understand them,
the Feelings so devoted,
to the Vanity,
which paid heavy Moments of expectations,
to the Absurd,
whose Crematory of Dreams,
seems to never has lack,
of Truth.

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43. The Identity of the Absurd

The whips of Destinies,
they hit the Cemeteries of Loves,
carried,
in the bent back,
by Happinesses drained and destroyed,
by the Dreams of Vanity,
whose veins of Questions,
they try to pass,
by the mud of the Illusions of Death,
over which,
has not succeeded to cross so far,
neither a Truth,
without being understood,
by the Destiny,
what seems to live everlasting,
only in the Absurd,
declared to be Death,
even if his identity,
is altogether different.

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44. Destiny of to ever find us

How much,
I would have wanted,
to have become,
the Hourglass,
of your Eyes,
in the Blood of Dreams, to which,
I will drain,
each fragment of breath,
that will not break
never,
at the soles of the Vanity,
on which neither Death,
has not succeeded,
to redeem it ever,
of all Illusions of Life,
on which we have considered them,
to be the Paradise,
of an Eternity,
not knowing that he has expended, all the Moments,
on the Cemetery,
where the Waiting had buried,
the Destiny,
of to ever find us,
together.

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45. Low price

The traces full,
by the Tears of Horizons,
what they can not learn, neither now,
to go down ever,
in the Blood,
which drains from the veins of the Moment,
of Eternity,
from our Glances,
cut by the Sun of so many Dreams,
that we have become,
meat of Time,
placed to weighing,
by a Destiny,
which do not even to sell us expensive,
the Happiness
he did no longer know,
because the price had fallen,
in so much,
that,
neither a Promise,
however poor it may have become,
no longer wanted to buy her,
ever,
no matter how cheap it would have been.

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46. The catafalque of Love

How many heels of the Intrigue,
would have invented frustration,
of, the Primordial Word,
that it started dancing,
on the music of the Original Sin,
the aria of the Vanity,
from ourselves,
when I invited you, the loved Life,
on the stage of Existence,
so worn and rotting,
that it was broken,
by the weight of our steps,
trapped in the traps of the vices of the Illusions,
who they were enjoying indifferent,
to the catafalque of Love,
whose Moments,
they seem to not know, neither now,
how much we have tormented us to grow them,
at the head,

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of the Truth of a Happiness
which we never wanted to cheat her,
with the lies of Existence of Absurd,
which gave birth to us,
the Vanity,
of to dance,
with own,
Death.

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47. The entire Divinity from us

Waterfalls from the Blood of Desires,
leaked, from the Clouds of the Future
they fall into torrents,
deafening the Horizons,
of the Death,
of a Past,
on which no History,
would not want to buy it again,
at a price so expensive,
of the Destiny,
who competes with God,
at the Lottery,
where always wins the Absurd,
even if,
dice are checked by each Eternity,
several times on the back of a Day,
tattooed with the signs of one Curse so strong,
that not even the Original Sin,
it can no longer banish him,
from the arms of Love,
on whose feet it leans,
the entire Divinity from us.

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48. How many more Compromises

Neither a glimmer, of Dream,
seemed to no longer cover,
the face of God,
after what has snowed with Sufferings,
over the seen and unseen Breaths,
of the Souls,
covered with snow by the Illusions of Death,
in statues as pleasant as possible at the Death,
the unique that longer has,
enough Moments to buy,
the impoverished and wanderer Destiny,
sold in slavery,
by a Love,
which, she never understood his,
the whims of the Illusions of his Life,
trying to obtain,
how many more Compromises,
from the undecided steps,
of the Happening,
which has accompanied him,
his entire,
Existence.

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49. Which I have forsaken her

You knew how many stars,
can die,
for the breath of God,
which has conceived us the Salvation,
of to be?,
a part of the emaciated body of Love,
which I have forsaken her,
at the corner of the street of some Misunderstandings,
what would be burned happily,
for a single ray of Divine Light,
springing
from a single Life,
of a Star,
which we will no longer meet it, never,
in the darkness of Death,
from the kisses of the dust that has leavened,
in the Words of our Glances,
what have become pots of clay,
of which nobody will no longer succeed ever,
to he drink the Living Water,
which gave birth to us,
the Passion of Existence,
a Destiny,
of the Nobody.

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50. A defiance of our own Time

Where did the Stars learn to die?

Farther or closer to us?

But the Heaven lacking of the Frontiers of Compromises ?,
before or after the Illusions of the Death?

How much horizon should we to give birth
for to understand,
that we will never can encompass him,
in the arms of the Death from us,
which is waiting for us, starved,
for to feed itself,
with every Word,
which I have created it,
at the Forge of Conscience?

And thus we remained a defiance of our own Time,
which spins us the Moments on time zones,
of the Vanity.

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51. Sold as cheaply as possible

The days of Stars,
have fallen into the mud of the Vices of the Desire,
of to know him on the God,
of Love,
which it proves,
finally,
that he never loved,
the Being,
whose Illusions of Death,
they keep it in an eternal Agony,
for to be sold as cheaply as possible,
at Death.

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52. The nomadic Happinesses

The axles of wheels of the Dreams,
have crushed nonchalantly the Moments of Boundlessness,
for to slice them,
to be served by Life,
to a Death, so starved,
that it began to devour her own Cemeteries,
from the blood,
of, our Hopes,
giving birth to the nomadic Happinesses,
which have reached to polished,
the Horizons that seem to never stop,
from the mad chase,
of the Vanities of a World,
lost in the Brothel of Time,
yet from birth,
for to prostitute,
with Death.

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53. The epileptic Hopes

The clouds turned into the firearms,
of the heavenly war of Existence,
what seems to have begun,
on the wrinkles of Eternity,
of a Time,
which sells at the stand of Memories,
the last Moments which still have remained to him,
of seed,
to the Future,
what he no longer knows,
what he will put on the empty table of the Past,
caught by the fears of a spasmodic History,
whose epileptic Hopes,
they barely manage to discern,
the Illusions of Death, by Life.

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54. They call it to be God

The needles of Illusions of Life,
they have crocheted the World,
with the wool decomposed and moldy,
of the Time,
full of, the Moments
dusty, of some Stars,
which have died of long time,
of to be, the Being,
in the depths of Existence,
of a Consciousness,
on which some Feelings,
they call it,
to be God.

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55. The Water of the Afterlife

Burdens, of vain Hopes,
carried, on the backs of Illusions of Life,
they fall heavy and oppressive,
on the extinguished eyes of the Future,
what would they want to understand the Happiness,
which it lost,
at the gates of the Cemetery of Love,
administered with holiness,
by a God,
so greedy,
that he would no longer pay,
not even a bit of Moment, in addition,
to a Look that is lost in the endlessness,
of Heaven, of a Soul,
deeper,
than all the Fountains of Suffering,
of this World,
from which drinketh the Death,
the Water of the Afterlife.

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56. New failed Destinies

Waves of Loneliness,
they break the Shores of Illusions of Life,
to the roulette of a Destiny,
of the Nobody,
bringing on the beaches of foreign exchange,
of the Life and Death,
new failed Destinies,
what were caught,
in the whirlwinds of bank hurricanes,
so ruthless with the sails of Happiness,
which, they sank,
in the depths of a Forgetfulness,
where, not even the Memories,
no longer have access.

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57. They began to fall apart

Snows tearfully of Memories,
melt on the eaves of some Hopes,
so rusty,
that they began to fall apart,
falling silent and inert,
in the cold and impersonal mud,
of a Moment,
from which he will no longer build,
Nobody,
Never,
the palace, of crystal,
of the own Eternity.

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58. Can they no longer look in the eye

The shards of Parallel Mirrors,
trickled from the Tears of the hot Blood of Love,
neither, can they no longer look in the each other's eyes,
so of deformed and distorted,
are the images of Feelings,
what they seem to be trampled,
in the feet of lead,
of the World,
which has never understood,
the cold and impersonal walls of the churches,
which and today, are making painstakingly, for us,
goggle,
of Illusions of Life,
by which God has destined us,
to we see us,
eternity of the Moment,
from the bosom of Death,
which has fed our entire Existence,
with her Eternity.

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59. The Universe of the Slaves

All the Rays of the Thoughts,
they regretted the Stars of Destinies,
then when they became,
the Consciousnesses of Darkness,
from the Illusions of Life,
worn out, at the cuffs of Suspensions,
always closed at the buttons of Freedom,
which kills us,
the Immortality
tying them with the Curses,
of some Sins so Originals
that neither the Universe of the Slaves,
drowned in the Blood of the Future,
no longer wants to sell us,
other Cemeteries, of Happinesses,
at a reduced price,
at Death.

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60. Which bite us the Future

The saddle of the Regrets,
thrown on the back,
of Illusions of Life,
is called,
Destiny.

The venomous snake of the Questions,
which bite us the Future,
killing us everything that means Feeling,
of a Love,
which will no longer answer, never,
at Death,
will become immediately,
the Eternal Life after Death.

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61. Before the Birth of Death

It's raining with Dreams,
on the immaculate snow of your Soul,
without being able to be crossed so far,
by, the tracks of the heavy lead of the Happiness,
sold at the price of speculation,
of some Traces deleted by the Longing of the Words,
beaten by the Hearts,
so poor,
that no Cemetery of Loves, which is respected,
no longer wanted to receive them,
at the table of Memories,
where they still share,
the gifts of a Past,
whose Requiem,
became,
the statue of Immortality,
of Illusions of Life,
on which we have forsaken them,
then when we tried,
to become again,
we, those before the Birth,
of Death.

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62. The darkness of the Blindness

Let to me the Death,
to watered my Life
with the Water of Life,
of the Last Illusions,
for to become the cascade of Awareness,
forgotten by God,
in the deep abyss of Destiny,
of a World,
on which neither a claw of the Vanity,
can not strangle her,
without the birth,
of the Blood of a Knowledge,
so faithful,
that it not exists neither an Ocean of Passions,
on which the Suffering would not have had a cross,
of the Nothingness,
sold by the Poison of Love,
to a Christ of Desolation,
who has built for him so many churches,
that neither the Crimes of Histories have no longer
succeeded,

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to pray at all,
the Canyons of the Absurd,
of some failed Questions of the Retrievals,
which still rot and today,
on the shores of your eyes,
lost in the darkness,
of the Blindness.

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63. The Illusion of Death

The sap of the Meeting of God,
with the World,
is called the Religion of Death,
on which neither an Afterlife,
will never succeed,
to stop her,
at the waterfall of Salvation,
without falling into her vortices,
the Absolute Truth,
on which it to lift him cleaner than Eternity,
the Happiness and Hope,
from the nets stretched by the Illusion of Death,
which was given to us,
as the Life,
on which we will cry out her,
every Moment of Immortality,
which we want to bind him,
to the chariot of lead,
of the Vanity of some Ambitions,
which want to write new biblical texts,
of a Future,
which they banished him,
even and the Histories,
of the Blood that delights our Genes,
of the Desires.

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64. The hot Blood of Glances

Traces of bloody Horns,
they splash the Paths of Destinies,
of some Snows of the Loves,
which melt on the porches of the Eyes,
whose existential diabetes,
does not leave them in any way,
to they become sweet again
in the Fires of the Sunsets,
of some Horizons,
whose Palms,
trodden by Promises,
are given to us over the cheek of the Illusions of Life,
that we lose us,
caught in the passionate kisses of Death,
which gave us for Eternity,
the Moment of Love,
in which to we hide,
the Cemeteries of Questions,
which would have killed us,
the hot Blood of Glances,
in which we swim,
sipping his entire Immortality.

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65. The meanings of Death

The passionate labors of the Palms,
drawn by the Glances of the Churches,
which break us the roads of the Destinies,
crucifying their Honor,
of to be the endured passions,
by the Savior, Money,
whose currency must necessarily win,
absolutely any Truth,
which could, to face,
the Meaning of Existence,
washed by Death,
in the polished Cemeteries of Wishes,
which we hope to follow them,
to the end of a World,
what seems to not be given to us,
under no new form,
by a God who did not understand us,
which we did not understand him,
in none of the meanings,
of Death.

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66. This time

No matter how much you would dig, with the nails,
of Illusions of Life,
the Moment that will never let itself to be broken,
by the scratches of your Hopes,
in the threshold of the Cemetery of Memories,
which you will want to revive him,
at the gate of my Smile,
frozen in the Death,
which will give you the Infinity of Love,
which I will always bear for you,
in an World of Beyond,
without phones of Longing,
whose eternal Moments were too expensive,
anyway,
or Questions whose answers,
should,
to melt,
in the blessed Blood of the Embrace of a Kiss,
on which the Dawns,
they will lose him,
this time,
in the Divine Light,
of the Dreams.

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67. They become the only measure

The Clouds of the Love,
killed by the Rains of the Destinies,
which have moistened us the steps of Moments,
fall over the foreheads full of Cemeteries,
of the Fences,
which have Separated us,
washing them the Salvation given by the Churches of
Dreams,
which would have loosed us from the Illusions of Life,
giving us once and for all,
the blessing,
written on the wrinkles of the Absolute Truth,
where the Illusions of Death,
become the only measure,
of Happiness,
which still elapses,
cold and impersonal,
over the Church of your Glances.

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68. The Heaven of the Absolute Truth

The volcanoes of Thoughts,
they erupt,
lighting the Heaven of the Absolute Truth,
to which it breaks its spine,
burning us, smoldering,
the Time,
on the paralyzed lake,
and, burned,
by, the sweat of Knowledge,
where it still swims the Dream,
of a God,
who does not even know,
if the Creation still belongs to Him,
or not,
after what this one,
has sneaked,
in the Blood of the Sunset of an Apocalypse,
of the Vanity,
from the religions of a World,
which no longer knows,
where it to go ,
with her Histories full of bitter bruises,
sold for nothing,
to the Destiny.

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69. The Rope of Dreams

The ash of the ice flowers of the Words,
still it remembers of the ashes of some Smiles,
of Happiness,
on the lips with lipstick with flavor sentimental,
where the Commas,
they said more,
than all Promises of the Silk Worms,
of the Knowledge,
from which we braided us the Rope of Dreams,
believing that it will help us,
to the ascension of the sails of the Divine Light from us,
on the masts of the Destiny,
not knowing that we will arrive,
in the dawns full of stars that have lost their fate,
in the Night of a Forgetfulness,
to hang us the entire Past,
with her.

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70. Advertisements that heals us

Virtual steel blades,
they cut the flesh of the Glances,
for to be deposited by the Illusions of Death,
on the frozen lips of some Words,
which have no longer said a real phrase,
of before being the World,
of the debauchery of to exist,
in the deep and cold mud,
of the paltry Interests,
sold as advertisements that heals us,
the Death from us.

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71. A Day without name

Cemeteries of Dreams,
shed tears on the face of the Illusions of Death ,
which they gave us power,
to understand the price of Happiness,
hidden in the hollows of the Hearts,
what they beat without a little pity,
the Time,
which gave them the Blood of Consciousness,
of a Delusion,
what it would have wanted to be able to love,
on the waves of which,
we still swim,
trying to we encompass the Horizon of a Passion,
on which neither the Heaven of Glances has no longer
desired her,
because it required us to become,
what neither the Hourglass of the Dreams did not succeed,
namely,
Eternity,

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knowing that one day we will break,
the bottle of the Illusions of Life,
from the Aquarium of the Empty Words,
which they gave us power,
to drain all the sand of the Moments from us,
becoming a certain shore,
from a Day without name.

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72. The last flame

Languages of Fire,
they burn the words,
dumbfounded in crematoriums,
of the vain Dreams,
lighting the Sunsets of the Future,
which does not seem,
to be known the dawn of Divine Light,
never.

Stars rusted by the Loves,
on which Nobody, has no longer ignited them,
pressing the switch of the Hopes,
from before being the Times,
of a God,
of the Predestination of Hazard,
in which it still boils and now,
the pot of the Love,
so full of Dreams,
that gives out,
extinguishing even the last flame,
of a Memory,
what seemed, still to warm up,
the Universe of the Illusions of the Death.

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73. Above all

And I clothed,
the shabby clothes of the Stars,
of a Destiny,
who was talking for me, about the Happiness,
at the pulpit of a misunderstood Love,
by the Heaven of Original Sin,
which gave birth to me
to be Consciousness,
incarnate in the mire of some feelings,
on which only the potter,
who rotated my luck,
on the Wheel of Time,
knows why,
I am forced to endure,
all the Illusions of Death,
which I hope to release me,
above all,
by me,
myself.

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74. We drowned us the births

Beyond me,
nobody can no longer to tread me the Dawns,
which I have given you,
in the bouquets of Smiles,
sprinkled by you abundantly,
with the Illusions of Death,
in so much,
that and even the Blood of Dreams,
began to drain,
at the feet of Feelings,
washing them the mud,
through which they stepped,
the Breaths,
of the Past,
which we tied him at the chariot,
of our own Life,
without we ever knowing,
that it has become the Future,
of a God,
which he never understood it,
the Destiny,
in which we drowned us,
the births.

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75. Through the veins of Altar

Shores of Dreams tangled,
by the clouds of Time,
which have crocheted the lace of a Destiny,
pushed to suicide,
for to be given to the World,
to keep it as an ornament,
in the Churches of Words,
crowded by the Illusions of Death,
which see every time,
when they come to the service of their own graves from
Souls,
the Icons of Happiness crying,
enough,
that the tears of their helplessness,
be deleted,
with the harsh cloth of the Society of Consumption of
Lives,
which disfigures their face,
of desolate Holiness,
making it greasy,
with disrespect,
face of, the Sacrality,
of the Blood that still flows,
through the veins of Altar,
of our own Consciousness.

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76. The Churches of Unfulfilled Love

Eternity of Heaven,
breaks the waves of the vain Addresses,
to which lack them
even and the streets of Life,
or the birthday numbers,
received from the Numerology of Destiny,
empty and poor,
in the uplifting Words of Conscience,
born by Time,
in the Cemeteries' arms,
for to be given,
of the Charismatic Mystery of a Religion,
on which no Inheritance which wants to be sacred,
no longer wants to host her,
between the cold and careless walls,
of some Churches of the Unfulfilled Love,
which they always ruins us,
the Happiness,
under the careless gaze of a God,
of the Vanity,
which created the World of Illusions of the Death,
after His image and likeness.

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77. Preachers

Thieves of Rebel Consciousness,
from the Altars of Sacred Beliefs,
Preachers,
who kneels us the World Dreams,
without knowing,
that they it will hit,
by the uplifting thresholds of the Cemeteries,
so hard,
that the slabs of granite,
of the sepulchers of their own Words,
they will shatter
at the feet unwashed of the Past,
stained with the most macabre Histories,
what they will rot them, the Beings,
thrown in the derisory, of a Forgetfulness,
which will grind them,
for eternity,
even and the Destinies of the Stars,
under which they were born,
the Nonsenses of own Existences.

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78. Born unexpectedly

The regrets of the fearful Smoke of the Faith,
are taken toward the cardinal points of Silence,
where the Angels of Consciousness,
they understand how much waste of Love,
it burned meaningless,
at the Fire of the wrong Creation,
of the Love,
born unexpectedly,
by the Illusions of Death,
which grinds us, the Time,
hitting him with his own Moments,
obligated to no longer pass,
through the unwashed face by crimes of World,
because it would bring bad luck,
to the Cemeteries of Passion,
which are still living,
in the dirty Blood,
of alcoholic Hopes,
from the senseless pubs of Stars,
which grow them up,
the degrees of drunkenness,
of Words born,
for to keep, of shoulders,
the drunken Destiny,
of the Happiness of Nobody.

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79. The Vanity of all Vanities

Pyres, of Stars,
which have never had,
the predestination of a Soul,
they burn full of coldness,
the crippled ribs, of the Galaxy of Sufferings,
of a God,
what he could not imagine he would age,
on the cold walls of the churches of shards,
from the parallel mirrors of the Consciousnesses,
which no longer discovers anything,
in the Glances of Illusions of Death,
which intersect with Eternity,
nascent the cold and meaningless Word,
of the Creation,
subjected to the torments,
spoken by the Churches of the Lying Truths,
of the Creation of some Worlds,
of the Vanity of all,
Vanities of the Illusions of Life,
which has become,
our Life.

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80. Death from the Eternal Life of beyond

Branches,
cut from the Tree of the Absolute Truth ,
they adorn us the Glances of the Illusions of Death,
on the socket of carousel with the name of Life,
which he's spinning us the Existence,
until we fall down dizzy,
of so much sweat of Creation,
haunted by Happiness,
through the sepulchers of the Freedom,
which I thought more alive,
than all the Cemeteries of Words,
buried with pomposity,
in the Belief of to be Consciences,
of the religious Good,
always predisposed to preach us,
the Death,
from the Eternal Life of beyond.

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81. The Senile Existence of Creation

The Illusions of Death,
are all what has remained for us
from the Absolute Truth of Creation,
crumbled by the Destiny,
of a God corrupted and full of airs,
who has believed,
that the World must die,
for to be reborn,
in the Consciousnesses of the sunset,
from the Blood of the debauchery,
of a Vanity,
what still builds Churches of Words,
in the name of a Religion,
banished from all the brothels of Knowledge,
because it was sold for nothing,
to any Crime,
on which the Senile Existence of Creation,
would have committed it,
giving birth to our World.

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82. Sweet Glances

Let to me the Wrath of Eternity,
to deny the Existence,
of Illusions of Death,
and you will see how many Cemeteries of the
Consciousnesses,
they will pass by the side,
of the Absolute Truth of Lying,
on which the confectioneries of sweet Glances,
they will divide them,
to the Forgetfulness,
who has always killed us,
the Moment,
which I lost,
in the Separation train,
whose station of Wind,
was scattered,
among the deserted fingers,
of our Soul.

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83. Desert of Feelings

Leaving aside,
the Water of Illusions of Life,
in which we bathed us the Destiny,
I would have liked to find ourselves again,
in the living Horizon,
of the Steps of Love,
which,
even if they have graying,
at the edge of the Desert of Feelings,
which we would have ever wanted to cross him,
together,
no battle,
between the Heaven of Hopes,
and the Horizon of the Illusions of Death,
it would not have ended with any winner,
of the Happiness.

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84. In the Cathedral of Cemetery of our Love

Tell me, Death,
whereto, the Life has left you,
that you have become the messenger of the Soul,
desolate by the waves of Illusions,
on which no ocean of Eternity,
from the Lightning Storm of Existence,
it would not have created him,
if it had not been,
the Pain,
on which the Blood has made you it,
from the Sunset of the Separation,
by ourselves,
linked to the Horizon of the Word,
which gave birth to us,
the wedding ring of Unhappiness,
with which we have married,
the Destiny,
in the Cathedral of Cemetery of our Love.

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85. The Destiny of Illusions of Death

Fairies of Questions,
are waving on the frozen lake of Consciousness,
breaking Lottery tickets by Waves,
in the hope that they will ever win,
the Happiness.

Inner shores of Feelings,
they tear the barriers of Infidelities,
drowning in the bitter Blood of some Words,
through which the Separation escapes,
by the Stranger from us,
giving birth to a World,
where none,
we will no longer have the Destiny,
of Illusions of Death,
which they gave birth to the Eternity of the Moment,
rummaged by God,
on the rocks of His Creation.

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86. Obsessions

The refrains tired,
by the Births of Absurd,
in the Illusions of Life,
those that give the Freedom,
frozen, of the Blood,
on which only the incarcerated Glances,
of the Obsession,
they still know,
how to keep them,
in the Cellars of Feelings,
put to frozen,
for the glacial seasons,
of the Love,
between the Passions and the Hopes of Dreams,
which boil in the pot of fire,
of some Sunsets,
which have never met us,
the Illusions of Death.

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87. Indebted to Eternity

How do I know how to run,
among the stars of Eternity,
of the Traces,
from which they feed,
the Illusions of Death,
from me ?,
without to I remain indebted,
to Eternity
whose Word,
what gave him birth,
did not want in any way,
he to teach his Death,
to be able to die,
drowned in the Blood,
of his own,
Destiny.

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88. New Martyrs

The dawns of long time ago,
are flowing among the grizzled Wrinkles of Love,
between the Absurd and Vanity,
of our own Destiny,
played at the dice of Existence,
by an unconscious God,
even with your own Self,
delighted in the Brothels of Conscience,
of the Hell,
which burns smoldering in us,
feeding the Interests,
to so many Religions,
of the alleged Loves,
some more skinny than others,
with their own inquisitions of ideas,
which drowns,
in the tears of the Word of Creation,
of new Martyrs.

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89. An indifferent Sunset

Chains of Feelings,
links the docks of Questions,
by the tired and rusty Words,
of the masts,
what barely are hold,
under the eyelids of Horizons of some Thoughts,
lost in the dry springs of the Day,
what is still waiting for a catafalque of Dreams,
which he will give him to the Cemetery of Loves,
killed by the Wanderings,
which have lost their Eternities of Moments,
in the piles of Memories,
thrown at the pit of Trash of the Forgetfulness,
bloody,
by an indifferent Sunset.

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90. Interested only by the Illusions of Death

How much, Loneliness can die,
in a Cemetery of the Happiness ?,
where to bury us the Fears, of Absurd,
and the Intrigues from the Days,
bewitched by Destiny,
for to insult us,
with their inertia and banality,
of Lead,
which melts us the veins of Illusions of Life,
until the hot blood of Hopes,
gushes, volcanic,
towards the attics of the Glances,
which still are looking,
in the Apocalypse of Consciousness,
which has come to no longer claim, Nothing,
from an interested God,
only by the Illusions of Death,
on which has destined them for us,
to release us,
by ourselves.

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91. Lustful Eyes

Commercials of forsaken Saints,
they are not browsed by Days,
through, the existential offices,
of the Illusions of Death,
where the mold of Vices,
flourishes once with the lustful Eyes,
of the Destiny,
always in search,
by strong sensations,
of the obscure Passions,
which have grizzled since,
no Mistake has no longer found them,
in the soft beds of the Moments,
abandoned by Chances.

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92. Airs

Airs, of Attitudes, Thoughts or Ideas,
disheveled and terrified,
by the tumultuous Existence,
of the Wrinkles of the Liberty,
hidden in the caverns of Illusions of Life,
it rises amorphous,
toward the slippery chasms,
and full of mold,
of the Destinies,
which they fall stabbed,
by a God so merciful,
that he does not find,
no other escape,
for to replace them,
than the Illusions of Death,
which always stand inert,
through the cold Cemeteries of the Consciousnesses,
born for to be stained,
with the Original Sins,
of a Past,
which has never belonged to them,
no matter how many Airs and would give.

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